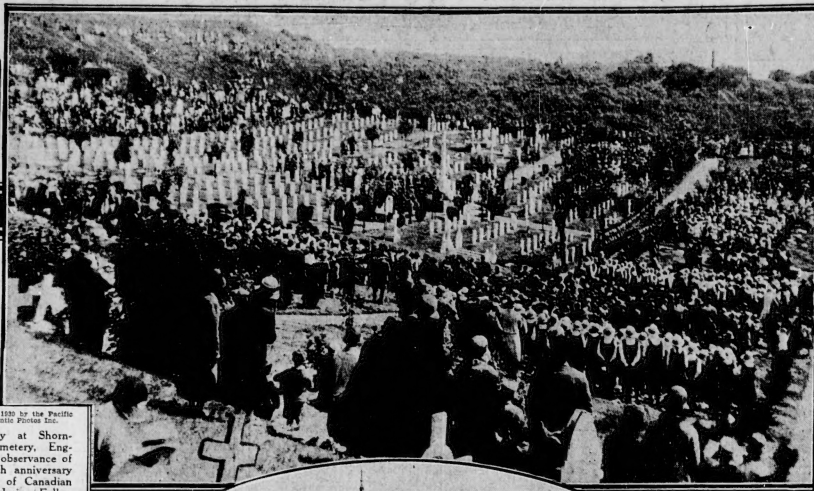


Speeding Sea Sled Overturns in Lake



—Copyright 1939 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Inc.
King Carol, newly-crowned King of Roumania, reviewing his troops in Bucharest, the capital, at recent military pageant



—Copyright 1939 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Inc.
Ceremony at Shorncliffe cemetery, England, in observance of fourteenth anniversary of death of Canadian soldiers during Folkestone air raids



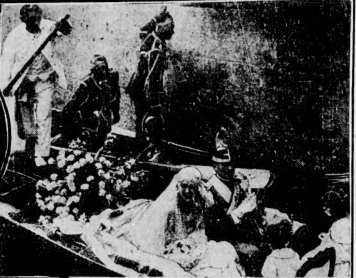
—Copyright 1939 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Inc.
Remarkable photograph of Mrs. Vita Shoemaker, New York clerk and mother, as she plunged nearly 16,000 feet from plane over Roosevelt Field, L.I., establishing new world's record for women



—Copyright 1939 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Inc.
King Alfonso of Spain driving through the streets of Madrid, recently, with the Duke of Miranda, on his way to England



The main entrance to the Vatican City, the gate of which marks the frontier between this tiny country and Italy



Miss Elsa Salom, who recently became Countess Roberto Asinari de Marzano, leaving church with her husband after wedding ceremony in Venice



Wm. Chaffee, Dayton, Ohio, whose two-foot model of Boeing fighter won first prize and trip to Europe in aeroplane model league contest at Detroit, recently



Guards with riot guns watch while \$5,000,000, largest amount ever sent by air, was loaded to be sent to Cincinnati to restore public confidence following bank failures



—Copyright 1939 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Inc.
Zenzaku Asuma, Japanese flier, arrives in New York from Seattle to ship plane to Europe, whence he flies to Tokio, Japan, his home town



American talkie being made in Germany by actors who can speak no English. They read English words written on blackboard as they are pronounced in German



—Copyright 1939 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Inc.
Anthony H. G. Fokker, aeroplane builder, paid \$500 fine in United States for flying without license, recently. He has been flying for 20 years without one



Behind a battery of microphones at city hall, Mayor Walker of New York is shown greeting Bobby Jones after his return from England



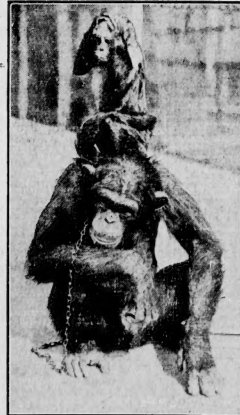
Beautiful memorial to eighteenth president of the United States, U. S. Grant, on Riverside Dr., New York, known as Grant's tomb



—Copyright 1939 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Inc.
Sergt. Sammy Baker, veteran New York welterweight, is in serious condition in Cleveland, following 12-round bout with Baby Joe Gans of California



Prof. Dr. Martinisco, arch-enemy of artificial rejuvenation, lectured recently in Vienna on degeneration and regeneration of nerves



Sally and Jane, two of the inmates of the zoo kept by George F. Getz, Chicago millionaire, on his vast estate at Holland, Mich.



A fair visitor to Shakespeare's home town, Stratford-on-Avon, climbs into the stocks, a grim relic of a past age

Exhibition Visitors Will Be Seeking Rooms—Get Extra Cash by Renting Them Yours

Edmonton Bulletin
ALBERTA'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER
CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISING RATES

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
Classified display advertising is the most effective way to get your business before the public. It is the only way to reach the thousands of people who are looking for the services you offer. It is the only way to get your business before the public. It is the only way to reach the thousands of people who are looking for the services you offer.

GENERAL CONDITIONS
Rates and conditions for the advertising of all advertisements are as follows: All advertisements are subject to the discretion of the publisher. All advertisements are subject to the discretion of the publisher. All advertisements are subject to the discretion of the publisher.

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Business, Professional

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Business, Professional



Flies
Screen them out!

109 Street, Edmonton

EDMONTON Phone 24563
Full Information and Prices on Request

Jasper Avenue and 93rd Street Phone 25236

PHONE 26537 708 Tegler Building
EDMONTON, ALTA.

10130 101st Street Phones 24454-71152

Note New Phone Numbers—Office Phone 24631; Residence 22298-13040 10624 21th Street

Phone 23881

There is a pleasing sense of balance, coziness and comfort, in the Dutch Colonial design of homelike character, that fits into any landscape. The shutters of deep blue green against the white wide corner clap-boards contrast and harmonize at the same time with the dark bronze green roof and walls of deep red tapestry brick with wide white joints. The interior is just as attractive as the exterior, for all the maximum of fresh air, light, sun-

Phone us at 32729.

11439 University Ave. Phone 32729

1000

BRING THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE
HAYWARD ELEPHANT

A black and white illustration of a vintage truck with a crane. The crane is lifting a large block labeled 'PENN COAL' and the number '919'. The truck has 'PENN COAL' and 'DELIVERY' written on its side. The background shows a city skyline with buildings and a flagpole.

chairs, and a small dining room in the house. The detached front porch is a very attractive feature that there is not a dark or cloudy room in the house. The detached front porch is a very attractive feature that there is not a dark or cloudy room in the house. The detached front porch is a very attractive feature that there is not a dark or cloudy room in the house.

There are many ways of doing a job—but there is only one right way and that calls for knowledge and skill, born of experience. When W. H. Wells & Co. complete a job it will be many a long day before it needs to be done again.

W. H. WELLS & CO.

10230 99th Street Phone 27367
20 YEARS IN EDMONTON

119th Street and 106th Avenue. Phone 81325

LET US SERVE YOU

9442 - 118 Ave. Phone 72763

9568 111th Avenue. Phone 72385

See Them Demonstrated at

Phone 21258

PENN COAL CO.

FRITZI RITZ

By Bushmiller



Your Baby and Mine

By MYRTLE MEYER ELLIOTT

LET CHILDREN MANAGE OWN AFFAIRS

The peace of two young mothers in on "babbling" is often shattered (usually by their gentle offspring) who are supposed to play together, but those activities are restricted to pulling their mother's hair and tugging at the corners of their mouths.

Myrtle Meyer Elliott writes the situation. I am twenty-one years old and the mother of two babies. My oldest is two and one-half and came once a week to see me. She also has a child of two and one-half years. Our problem is to keep peace between them. They scrap over every toy and she and I are worn out trying to reason with them and visit.

"My daughter this never played with anyone but this one child. She has a pet dog which she teases and I wonder if I'll let her. She can't take the dog. The other child won't fight back but reach and cry and she has a daughter who has had her teeth pulled for a while but and I suppose her mother and I are worn out trying to reason with them and visit.

Not Unusual Behavior
Parents must learn to arrange

Little Stories for Bedtime

By THORNTON BURGESS (Copyright)

At Last the Voice of Slinky-Two is Heard

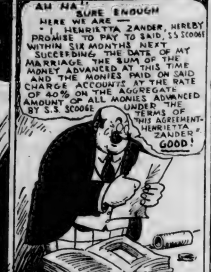
A cheerful sound it is, my dear. A voice you'd want to hear.

It was so long since it had rained on the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, the Old Pasture, and the Old Orchard that the little people who lived there had begun to think it never would rain again. They had given up looking for Slinky-Two. They thought he had gone to the moon. They thought he had been taken away by the fairies. They thought he had been killed by the wicked witch. They thought he had been captured by the evil dragon. They thought he had been taken to the land of the living dead. They thought he had been taken to the land of the lost. They thought he had been taken to the land of the forgotten. They thought he had been taken to the land of the unknown. They thought he had been taken to the land of the mysterious. They thought he had been taken to the land of the magical. They thought he had been taken to the land of the enchanted. They thought he had been taken to the land of the bewitched. They thought he had been taken to the land of the cursed. They thought he had been taken to the land of the damned. They thought he had been taken to the land of the damned.

THE GUMPS

On the Road to Fortune and Success

By Smith



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

?????

By Martin





THE NEBBS

Junior Shows 'Em How To Mix It

By SOL HESS

Copyright, 1930, by Sol Hess, Inc., Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Great Britain Patent Pending



It's the best Kiddie Strip
that money can buy.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Robertson, State of Washington, A.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Robertson started working among the Chinese in Edmonton twenty-three years ago.

By H. MARY ROSS

Bandit chiefs, malaria, and devastating war Sunday school classes, all are features of the interesting life of the missionaries working in China, the land of the towering pagoda and the cherry blossom, according to Mrs. Peter Robertson, of Sheung Pong Tsuen, Canton, China, who was the first visitor to Edmonton. Mrs. Robertson, with her husband, both former residents of this city, has been doing evangelical mission work in Sheung Pong Tsuen since their departure from Edmonton several years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson had started their work among the Chinese here twenty years ago.

It is interesting to note that Mr. >

[illegible]

Heathens of the Confucian belief, have been converted, and are now ardent workers for the cause. The daughter of the schoolmaster, a young lady of the School. Another convert, and one of the best workers is a man who was formerly chief of a bandit tribe.

To School At Six

An amusing incident which happens frequently, sends boys running to school at six o'clock.

The popularity of the Sunday School with the Chinese kiddies, is the arrival of the youngsters at the mission doors at six o'clock, or even before, on Sunday morning. Sunday school is at eight. The reason for this,—the children say,—they have no clocks.

and do not want to miss school.

The work class is usually amongst the poorer classes. The members of the school number about two hundred.

house-hold, known as a "company" which class of people live their entire life on the water. They make their living by carrying passengers

Summer Days Bring Lacy Chic To Hats and Gowns

Brown, Beige and Black Favored in Paris

the removal of the mid-rib-edges and the Berlin collar, she has an informal evening dress. As all these very dress

By ROSETTE

PARIS, July 8—It was only natural that this year, the triumph of all the fashion's moods should return to its place in the sun. When styles finally went feminine, today it has become a woman's world in the new dress woman's wardrobe.

La started its offensive some few seasons ago, but it is now in full swing. It is the new look, the look on lingerie, after a long era of untrammelled, most masculine underwear. But now that womanhood's dominion has been established, such a look as can be compared to fashion's late occurrence.

Black Feature

Black feature is the color of the season. It is the favored color with a marked preference for black. Chanel looks to be the leader in this. She has a black belt in the fine and coarser varieties. She has a black jacket. The style is embellished to impart an air of mystery. The black is used in the medium-sized mesh in also seen. Twin-colored lace is bold going for the black. The black is used in the heavier silk variety.

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Alumni Editor



MISS HELEN McQUEEN
is assistant editor of "The Trail" which is published quarterly by Alumni Association of the University of Alberta, and teaches hundreds of graduates of the University. Miss McQueen, who is a daughter of Rev. D. O. McQueen, D.D., and Mrs. McQueen, is a popular member of U.S. O. McQueen's younger set, taking an active part in several girls' clubs and charitable organizations.

Fifty per Wheat at a Profit.

By MICHAEL OMAYO



Keeping down the weeds by cultivating and plowing on a large scale in Alberta.

One hundred and ten acres a day by these dies. Note the lights for night work.

WOULD it be better to reduce the number of acres sown to wheat? That is the query which haunts and perplexes prairie farmers as they climb aboard their seed drills this spring.

Not so long ago Heywood Brown defined a farmer as a man who gets up at five in the morning in order to grow more wheat than he could sell so as to get poorer each year. And as a surefire remedy he advocated that farmers meet in solemn convocation, agree unanimously to lie in bed till ten o'clock each morning and thus cut wheat production to the point where it would pay.

About the same time the federal farm board of the United States sent high-geared missions to the farmers of the prairie to persuade them to drastically cut their wheat acreage. In Canada many astute students have been busy much the same way, while Hon. Frank Oliver was frank enough to say that only a poor harvest could benefit the prairie farmers.

To most of us such advice seems as treasuries and worst. Yet it must be confessed that there is something to be said for a reduced acreage. Our farmers are being given the Big Question in the markets of the world so that there is a tremendous surplus of wheat on hand and the very moment farmers are starting to seed a new crop.

Throughout the west the growth and marketing of wheat has been a constant question for more than a generation, and after thirty years it is perennially the same. It is once again in full flame. It is a question which has been asked and answered so often that it suffers from a fatal malady. What is equally back of all this discussion? What loss is the most serious of Canada's war industries?

I decided to put answers to these questions and that not in any conventional way. I called on farm organizations, university professors, heads of corporations and representative farmers.

For good or for ill, it is certain that Canadian agriculture is in the throes of an economic revolution of major proportions. In 1911 when wheat came to Canada, the prairie was still in the homestead stage, and nervous old men in England and Ontario pictured their younger sons and daughters in imminent peril of life and limb at the hands of Sitting Bull. The population of the plains was growing by leaps and bounds, and it was predicted that within a decade the centre of population would shift to some point west of Winnipeg. But this increased population would be almost entirely rural was regarded as a foregone conclusion.

From present facts it is obvious that this vision has stripped its gear. The number of occupied farms on the prairie increased from 100,000 in 1911 to 248,000 in 1924. The number of farms in the prairie provinces has increased from 100,000 in 1911 to 248,000 in 1924. The number of farms in the prairie provinces has increased from 100,000 in 1911 to 248,000 in 1924.

From these figures it is evident that something is afoot. But before we begin to panic, let us look at the figures. The number of farms in the prairie provinces has increased from 100,000 in 1911 to 248,000 in 1924. The number of farms in the prairie provinces has increased from 100,000 in 1911 to 248,000 in 1924.

Arrival of the Machine Age
TILL now amazing news has been the increase in the production of prairie farm products. In 1901, for instance, the rural population of the country numbered only 1,000,000. In 1924 it had reached 2,500,000.

And equally startling figures could be cited, but the above must suffice. Even a schoolboy can read and understand them. They mean just this: that our farmers are producing more per man and more per acre than ever before. Or, to put the matter another way, the farmer is becoming more efficient.

Just how has this truly amazing state of affairs been achieved? To most of us the answer is obvious. Farmers have used more and more machinery. The number of horses on the nation's farms has increased in number, and the number of horses on the nation's farms has increased in number.

This logic is correct enough. In its way, it is a little like saying that the reason for the success of the automobile is that it has more wheels than a horse-drawn carriage.

The old-time farmer depended on the labor of his hands and perhaps those of a hired man, the feet of four or eight horses. The new farmer has learned how to increase the number of hands and feet on his farm, not by hiring a hired man who is a cross between a horse and a human, but by using hands and feet of iron and steel.

They must smoke like the dragons in these new iron hounds, but, contrary to

It runs on combine cutting and threshing in one operation. The grain is carried away in dump trucks.

the dragon's usual habits, they are docile and tractable—except on cold mornings.

Agriculture can be divided into three main periods: The Human Age, the Animal Age, and the Machine Age. The Human Age was how Professor J. Macgregor Smith of Alberta University put it. "In the first period work was done by hand labor. At that time 97 per cent. of the population was required to feed themselves and the other three per cent. The second stage saw animals being used to do their share of the work. In the last ten years the number of work horses on the farms of North America has decreased steadily at the rate of approximately 50,000 annually. Faithful and hardworking Dobbins is being rapidly replaced by the cheaper and more efficient motor. In 1924 the prairie farmers purchased 14,557 tractors and 2,205 combine harvesters, and they now operate 85,000 tractors and who knows how many stationary engines.

A new day is dawning. The man with the new machine has transformed into the man with the new machine. The machine has invaded the prairie.

These Mr. C. S. Noble of Nobleford, Alberta, for instance. He is one of the finest agriculturists of the great lakes. A firm believer in machinery, he harvested 5,000 acres of land last fall and secured better than thirty bushels to the acre. To harvest this crop he employed a large combine-harvester which cut and threshed an acre of wheat every seven and a half minutes of operating time. Tractors, trucks and large implements—that's the part of the secret of success of this astute Albertan.

On a smaller scale is the farm of Mr. W. Taylor at Salvador, Saskatchewan. Two years ago he decided to depend on mechanical power exclusively. "I did not adopt this system solely to gain more money," he told me. "An independent, self-sufficient farmer was a far better work and I am sure that it has done this."

"We use tractors and a combine harvester," he continued. "In the past we considered it impractical to haul grain until freeze-up—and

a long, weary cold job it was with horses. Now we haul straight from the combine to the elevator. That not only means a saving of time, but of money, too. Tractor farming, the combine method of harvesting and marketing with the bare minimum. At farm after farm I found horses cowering in the pasture while motors mowed up and down the fields dragging the latest implements. On many farms I discovered the future of prairie agriculture, and I slowly saw the machine taking the place of the horse. By the aid of the superior and cheaper power provided by the motor. Even on those farms where the tractor has not found favor, the farmer is making open-larger implements drawn by more horses. Everywhere a measure tends to slacken by employing labor to the best advantage.

"If a machi labor is worth four dollars a day it would cost \$100 to prepare an acre of land for seed with the crude tools of primitive man. By investing one dollar in a tractor and by digging one acre of an acre per day, the cost is reduced to \$40. A horse does the work of one man and enables him to plow one acre a day at a cost of \$45.00. With four horses he is able to speed up the job and cut the cost to \$20.00 per acre. Given the assistance of a modern tractor and he reduces the cost to \$12.00."

This seems to be an elementary lesson in rural economics, but before the wisecracks of the city in its right-wing wrath, let them consider the effects of these facts upon the rural life of Canada.

In these three days of fierce competition on the world's markets, the farmer with the lowest production costs will survive—and that is the necessity which mothers the machine age of the prairie.

"But how can you export our farmers to compete with the cheap labor of the Orient?" was the question I put to Professor J. Macgregor Smith.

"By means of labor-saving devices," he shot back. "A good example of what can be accomplished can be seen in the fact that the American farmer can grow corn, wheat, soybeans and Japanese markets with cheaper rice than they can produce themselves. The American grows peas \$6 a day and found to his laborers; the Chinese pays their 15 cents a day. The American laborer handles a large acreage, while in China it takes 2 to 3 laborers per acre. In China they get twice the yield owing to intensive cultivation yet they are not complaining against the American growers underselling them owing to being able to produce it cheaper."

Another notable example of the same process is found in the modern combine-harvester—a machine which cuts and threshes the crops in one operation. By so doing from eight to a dozen men are displaced, and there is a tremendous saving in money costs.

To get the best plant on the economies of the world by this machine, I interviewed many farmers. All of them were enthusiastic beyond measure. "I can hardly tell you how much the combine means to me," one of them told me. "Believe me, it's no joke to cook for a dozen hungry men during threshing time, and it is almost positively tragic if rain or snow stops work in the field, for hungry mouths must be fed, rain or shine. The combine has lifted a great burden of work from my shoulders, for my husband and son, with the assistance of a hired man, now do the job in a few days."

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Seedling and parking four acres a day in Saskatchewan.

had been sold in western Canada, but 3,928 combines had been sold.

Conclude, too, the amazing developments now proceeding in the harnessing of electricity to the work of the farm. The man with gasoline muscles is being displaced by electricity, now rural prime minister to his modern majesty, Efficiency.

Electricity Great Help
AND on the prairie? The Manitoba Power Commission is extending its transmission lines with the end in view of covering the whole province south of Dauphin. In five years three lines will be within easy distance of more than 45,000 farms.

It must be remembered that the modern farmer is no content with electric light—he demands the harnessing of "white-coat" to a wide range of implements. As Carman, Manitoba, enterprising farmers have used the power coming from the Winnipeg river and electrically equipped their machinery. They have furnished crops. At Portage la Prairie another farmer gleefully informed me that the running days, and pointed to an up-to-date water system for the house and barn. He will still another Manitoba farmer told me that "Before long we'll be living in town and in the city."

Now must we forget that we have in Canada a tremendous machine industry to compare with a back-to-the-farm movement, and at the same time to make farming more efficient? The modern farmer and his appliances are working overtime with the end in view of modernizing Canadian agriculture.

What have these men and women of science done for prairie farmers? They have furnished new wheats out of old wheats to give us Manitoba, Russia and Siberia. They have learned what made spring wheat good and have thrown heavier doses of protein into the kernels. They have employed poison, gas and machine guns to protect crops from bugs, beetles, moths, ticks and locusts. They have persuaded the farmers' juries and shaped them for the selling season. They have turned both eyes and legs of farmers. They have outwitted jack frost and pushed back the frontier of the wheat almost to the Arctic circle.

And this and much more have these scientists done for the farmers of Canada. New methods of growing crops—planting millions of dollars to the credit side of our agricultural ledger. Always and everywhere the costs of production and increasing the efficiency of our farmers.

Here, then, are some of the high lights of agriculture, silent revolution. It is being modernized and motorized. Tractor and truck sales run upward every year. Industries and companies are being for larger and still larger implements. New inventions, destined to lift prairie farm work are welcomed with open arms.

But the very evident result has been a vast increase in the volume of production and a decrease in the cost of production. It is being incident with this there has been a relatively increase in the rural population in the next ten years. Should this eventuate there is a strong possibility of a reversal in the trend of the clock of history. It cannot turn back the clock of history. It cannot turn back the clock of history. It cannot turn back the clock of history.

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I AM TAUGHT TO DANCE—By "Buzz" Bossin

"I'm not dancing," said she. "I'm not dancing," said she. "I'm not dancing," said she.

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"The motion reminded me of a slightly inhibited rabbit in a chippy sea, but Bertie thought—was quite all right dance."

"Fast music suits you," she observed. "Anything hot and fast," I remarked, and as it had accepted my statement, she challenged, the radio erupted a violent homologue of brass and trap drums.

"The damsel grabbed hold. Without even bothering to tie the mark, she took off in a hop, skip and jump and away she went to enjoy the music."

"That was great," declared the maiden. "That sounds phony," I returned. "I opened my mouth, and added about: 'You're a perfect fool.'"

"You're not so smart yourself," she cried indignantly. "I'm right, I'll take it. 'I don't mean fool, you fool,' I blazed. We shuffled around the floor until the music stopped."

"That was great," declared the maiden. "That sounds phony," I returned. "I opened my mouth, and added about: 'You're a perfect fool.'"

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"That was great," declared the maiden. "That sounds phony," I returned. "I opened my mouth, and added about: 'You're a perfect fool.'"

In a minute," she advised, but the same iniquity continued throughout the evening. However, to make a short story shorter, we managed to finish a few more dances in between station announcements, fading programs, singers and a host of other things. My fair tale assured me that my training had been completed.

"You can dance with anyone now," she averred. "Anyone!" I followed with all the confidence of a car going over a hop, skip and jump in her bare rim. "But am I still amateurish?" "No, absolutely perfect."

"Great!" I replied modestly. I wanted to surprise her. "Let's try."

We slid off into a waltz. "Hay," my partner halted abruptly. "I think you could pick it up in a minute if you were taught."

"Pick up what?" I replied with all the confidence of a car going over a hop, skip and jump in her bare rim. "But am I still amateurish?" "No, absolutely perfect."

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Current Wit and Wisdom

When heads get down talking about farm reform the farmers will do something about it—Henry Ford.

With improved roads, improved cars and improved drivers, the automobile industry is being done to improve the drivers—Detroit Advertiser-Topic.

A genius is a man who can do almost everything but make a living—The Douglas County News, Heald.

To cut mental sounds, even of poor quality, is a portion of good health and good hygiene—T. Lester Jones.

At the 12th Jones was the best snoring ever heard in the green six yards away. That isn't golf, it's magic—Ottawa Journal.

Men are quite obviously the superior sex; they have average brains in the world of importance since the beginning of time—Max Elton, Menzies.

Spending money you possess, but it gives you a delightful sensation of being rich—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Many feel that when the New York politicians talk about the pill of their fiction is better than that of their own—New York Times.

It is not what men think of women, but what women think of men that gives place to love—John Ford, Play.

A movement has been started for reasonable summer clothes for men. But the trouble is that the sensible clothes look as silly—Kitchener Record.

W'S CHILD
WS FATHER
Successfully applied
for discharge of a 36-
month sentence order told
rise.
Thomas Helman, of
Hartford, whose wife lives
in New York, attended his
son's trial. He told his "other
parent." He was then
released and a woman
was seen before.
The father of Helman's
wife had entered

[illegible]

air. Everybody had his watch looking at the time and I didn't wouldn't be long now. One of the plane soon began to wobble finally it fell, leaving just one in the air. I looked closely but I said anything. Then I turned around and said to the man:

"What did I tell you?"

He nodded his head and smiled. Then he looked at his watch again and said something about breaking a record.

Another minute passed, and Ernie's plane was circling over the heads of the crowd. I—[ing] the turns as neatly as if I were a pilot on board. Another minute and still another—one the people were chuckling to the selves and telling each other that there must be a gasoline motor board or a radio-controlled engine.

At the end of the fourth minute everybody could see that Ernie's model would soon come down. When it finally hit the floor timer showed:

"A record! Two hundred fifty-two seconds!" Of course Ernie and I ran for the model, but we got there somebody had thrown their coat over it. I looked up and see who it was, and there was a man to whom I had been talking.

"I'm Mr. Barnes," he said, "of course, you boys knew me."

I didn't, but Ernie did.

"You're the toy maker who factory is out by the Stone Creek."

Yes. And although many people don't know it, I am the one who donated the money to buy prizes for these model races.

Now I was disappointed, but month I think I've found exactly what I've been looking for—

[illegible]

"No," he admitted. "I fell last month at the model race and I had my old model. Remember?"

"I remembered. It had stayed up on the wall for two seconds and then tumbled to the floor, knocking off my hat and worn by one of the judges."

"Well, at that race I was standing near two spectators and I heard one of them say to the other: 'Why don't those boys use cambered wings? Real planes are made that way and I should think it would be a good idea for models.'"

"What are cambered wings?" I asked Ernie.

"That's what I don't know at all. But I looked the phrase up in a book of airplane models and found that it meant bent in the middle, just the way you see them here."


"Well, have you given the model by trials yet?"

"Yes, I have," answered Ernie.

THE

THE HANDY BOY AT HOME

BY CHARLES A. KING,
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.



MARILLA ROPE 1/2" OAK SCROT 1 1/4" IN
MARLINE KEZING ABOUT 1 1/4" IN
GREEN WOOD
SQUARE KNIT

STONE 12" - 18" LONG

leave me, those fellows down at the army are going to get a big surprise this afternoon. You just all die; and when all the fellows who were entering the race had lined up at one end of the high hall, I said: and when the fellow who man gave the signal and everybody wound up his motor, when the first airplane model is made of rubber. I saw René standing there calm and confident, ready to start. He said go just as soon as the start-aid said the word. A couple of fellows who were standing near him talked at the "cambered" wings and then smiled at each other, as they knew what was coming. René saw the smiling, but didn't let himself be fooled; but he knew what he felt like saying something when his model took off. He turned to the man standing near him and said: "I don't want to go twenty feet above the floor."

"See the plane that's ahead of you?" he said. "It's a rubber one. Use it as your cambered wings."


"I thought I was smart to talk about the wings," he said. "After the second I knew that I had

A excellent and serviceable store for small boats. Find a store of suitable size, and shape, and with a ladder or small stove, break off corners until something like a grove is made near the center of the store. Select an oak crate, or some other strong wood if convenient, with a branch arranged out about as at A. The wood should be green to allow it to bend closely around the stove. Cut a notch as at B on each branch, hold the siding

The Manila rope or "Painted" rope is fastened with a big knot or with several half hitches if preferred; in either case the rope should be joined against the store as suggested. As the wadding is a few days' work, the store and if the wadding is placed occasionally, kept in place by the siding.

May last for years.

SEIZING
A "KILLICK"
INDIAN ANKOR

[illegible]

air. Everybody had his watch looking at the time and it wouldn't be long now. One of the planes soon began to circle. Finally it fell, leaving just a speck in the air. I looked closely but saw nothing. The four of us turned around and said to the man: "What did I tell you?" He nodded his head and smiled. Then looked at his watch and said and said something about breaking a record.

Another minute passed, and Ernie's plane was circling over the heads of the crowd. The turns came as neatly as if he were a pilot on board. Another minute and still another one—the people were chuckling to the skies and telling each other there must be a gasoline motor on board or a radio-contraption.

At the end of the fourth minute everybody could see the engine model would soon come down. When it finally hit the floor timer shouted:

"A record! Two hundred fifty-two seconds!" Of course I and I ran for the model, but we got there somebody had thrown their coat over it. I looked up and saw who it was and there was a man to whom I had been talking. "I'm Mr. Barnes," he said. "Of course, you boys know me." I didn't, but Ernie did. "You're the toy maker who factory is out by the Stone Island Creek."

"Yes. And although many people don't know it, I am the one who donated the money to buy prizes for these model races. I'm worth \$1 million. I'm 16 months I was disappointed, but last month I think I've found exactly what I've been looking for—"

[illegible]

The HANDY BOY AT HOME
BY CHARLES A. KING,
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, N.H.



MANILLA ROPE 1/2"
MARLINE SEIZING
SQUARE KNOT
STONE 12"-18" LONG
OAK CROTCH
ABOUT 1 1/4" IN
GREEN WOOD



SEIZING
A "KILLICK"
INDIAN ANCHOR

(To be colored with paints or crayons.
spelled in CAPITAL letters.)

HERE is Fort Rusty May. [use the color very lightly]
[use the color very lightly]

H ERE is Fort Rusty May. [use the color very lightly] [use the color very lightly]	[the horizon]. Rusty May wears PINK (use RED; ink and crayon).
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YELLOWBAIRD Susie May is putting a bright **RED** flag on the top of the fort. There is a **BROWN** flag on the side and a **GREEN** flag. The flag is on a long **BROWN** stick.

BROWN-haired Teddy is running up with a fresh supply of water from the **GREEN** blue tank (mix the two colors, using the **GREEN** and **BLUE** paint).

YELLOWBAIRD says, "That's all that money!" I asked him, "Oh—Till I save most of it so I can go to the aviation school when I get old enough; but I'll use a little of it to buy some things I can try out some more ideas that are in my head."

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...one would have done with the money, don't you think so?"

THE JUNIOR COOK



SUNSHINE EGGS

Roll three eggs for twenty minutes.

Plunge into cold water and out again at once.

Peel off shells (cold water makes them come off easily).

Cut each egg into halves, longways.

Take out yellows and put into a bowl.

With a fork break up the yellows till they are like fine meat.

Put the yolks in a bowl and add



On a large platter, mix the pepper and salt. Season six slices of toast.

Cut each half of white into four strips, lengthwise and lay the four pieces neatly on toast. Four pieces of each of six pieces of toast.

Put toast with egg whites in a warm place.

Melt two tablespoons butter substitute in a frying pan.

Stir in three tablespoons flour.

When smooth, stir in very gradual spoonful of milk. Stir very well cooked.

Add two-thirds seasoned, yellow egg whites and lay the six pieces on top of the toast for a garnish.

Pour the yellow cream over the white cream.

Sprinkle the remaining third of the yolks over the top using a bit of cream.

Serve at once while very hot.

Chili

TODAY, just after I got out of the car. Of course I got to "Where to, I got to go."

If I could choose the car, I'd choose the "Perhaps," said Mimi.

Now let us pack a lot of things.

So, after driving miles and miles.

And soon we reached the beach.

Oh, what a time we had.

We fed the monks and

[illegible][illegible]

TODAY, just after breakfast, Mother said, "We're going out of course I got excited and began to jump and shout: 'Where to, where to? Please tell me! Will you stay until dark?'
"If I could go to the place to go I'd rather have the park!"
"Perhaps," said Mother with a smile, "that's just where we will go." So she took me to the park.
Now let us pack a lunch, for you'll be hungry soon, I know."
And, after riding miles and miles, the park-gate came in view. And so on we reached the monkeys in the middle of the Zoo.
"Oh, what a time we had!" To tell you everything I can't!
I was so fed up with it all I came home very tired indeed.
And then we walked down to the lake, the place that I love best.
To find the shadiest trees and grass where we could sit and rest.
We ate our lunch, and don't you know, what Mother said was right.
I sure was hungry and I ate and ate with all my might.
And then we fed and watched the white swans swimming to and fro.

[illegible]

AMUEL Colegate, the poet, author of the "Ancient Mariner," was born in 1792, the third of thirteen children. He was a thin, delicate child, much younger than his brothers, and was often teased for being "freaky" for lacking in playfulness or companionship. Looking back on his childhood, he wrote:

"I suffered away from the enjoyment of muscular activity in my play, to take refuge in the study of books. I had a strong aversion to read my book, and to listen to the talk of my sisters. I was distressed and annoyed by the thought and sensation. I never played except by myself, and then only by acting over what I had read, and with a half one, half the other, with a stick cutting down weeds, and a netting bag for a good horse."

Christendom. Alas! I had all the smiles, all the docility of a child, but none of the calmness of the child. I never thought as a child. I never had the language of a child. I forget whether it was in my fifth or sixth year, but I believe the incident, in consequence of some quarrel between me and my brother, in the first week in November, led away for fear of being whipped and passed the whole night in the rain and storm, on the north side of a hill and was found there at daybreak with my feet frozen and my limbs, about six yards from the back of a naked tree.

When Samuel Coleridge was seven years old his father, who was a vicar, died, and the fatherly love the boy was placed in school in London. The school was harshly conducted. The children were neglected, unkindly treated, and half starved. Here half starved, he suffered a life of sickness and

[illegible]

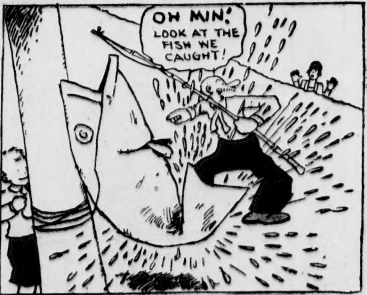
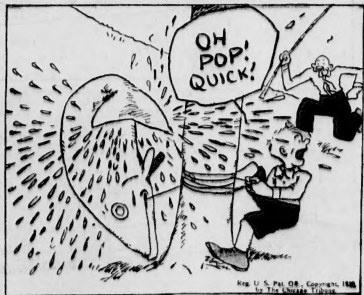
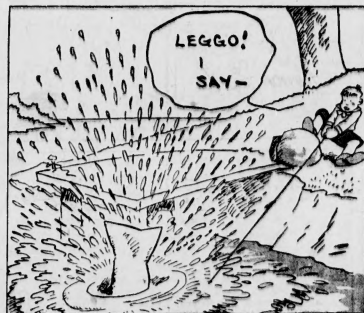
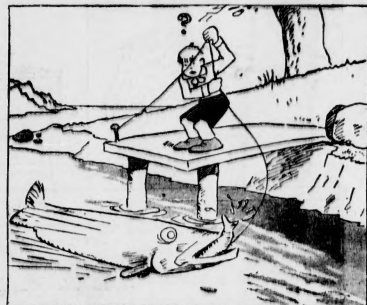
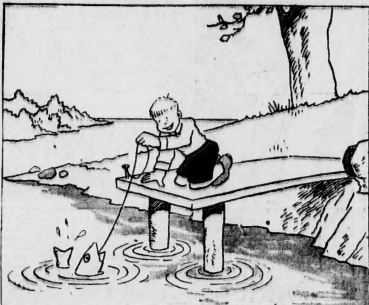
They should only eat and drink;
But there's something else to do,
When with eating I am through.
Something that is 'most as good
As the nicest kind of food—
Something I do every day,
Rain or shine, and that is—play!

Puzzle Corner

1- I am a situation, change once more I am a moral.	1- 1	2- 2	3- 3	4- 4	5- 5	6- 6
2- I am to separate, change my head I am at no time, change once more I am extreme excitement.	7- 7	8- 8	9- 9	10- 10	11- 11	12- 12
3- I am to bathe, change my head am to posses, change once more I am to preserve.	13- 13	14- 14	15- 15	16- 16	17- 17	18- 18
4- I am "To thrust in life", change my head I am to fly, change once more I am I damp.	19- 19	20- 20	21- 21	22- 22	23- 23	24- 24
5- I am exhausted, change my head I am holy, change once more I am to color.	25- 25	26- 26	27- 27	28- 28	29- 29	30- 30
6- I am a color, change my head I am a color, change once more I am developed.	31- 31	32- 32	33- 33	34- 34	35- 35	36- 36

WHAT TREE IS THIS?

Bobby has run across a tree with a peculiar sign on it. Looking at it a long time he finds it is the name of the tree. Figure it out!



BUTT
AND HER
BUDDIES
By
MURPHY



ATTAGIRL! NOW BRING YOUR ARMS UP REMEMBER, PUT ALL YOUR WEIGHT ON YOUR RIGHT HEEL



SAY, OPAL... IF ANY-ONE CALLS, I'VE GONE OUT TO PLAY GOLF WITH JIMMY

LISTEN, CHILE... AH'S BEEN WATCHIN' YO OUT DAW IN DE YARD... TELL ME, MA DAW DE WAKY YO PLAYS DIS MEAN GAME OF GOLF?



SURE, WHY?

AH'S JES GLAD AH SEEN HOW IT'S DONE, DATS ALL! WHAT A GRAND GAME DATS BOWNA BE SO ME AH DE DEACON JONES TO PLAY. AT

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



RAW... YOU DISTINGUISHED LOOKING ARISTOCRATIC GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL



EGAD... MY PANAMA HAT!... I'M SURE I HUNG IT HERE ON THIS STAND LAST NIGHT



WHY CERTAINLY!... I HUNG IT THERE SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT... THREE FIFTEEN... TO BE EXACT!... -HM-M ODD THAT IT ISN'T THERE NOW!



MARTHA, M'DEAR, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF MY PANAMA HAT?

YES!... AND I HOPE FOR THE LAST TIME!



I GOT WEARY OF SEEING YOU WEARING THAT OLD GOAT DINNER FOR THE LAST 25 YEARS, SO I THREW IT OUT IN THE REFUSE BARREL!... GO BUY YOURSELF A NEW ONE, SEBAW HAT!

GREAT CAESAR!... YOU DID W-W-WHAT?

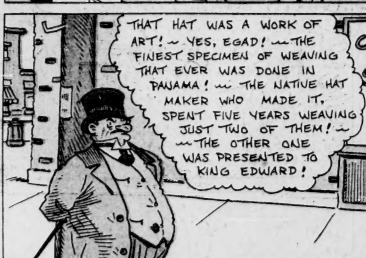


GONE!... ALAS-ALAS... GRRR... DRAT THAT WOMAN!



...AH ME... AND THAT PANAMA HAT WAS PRESENTED TO ME BY THE PRESIDENT OF URAGUAY WHEN I WAS CONSUL THERE!

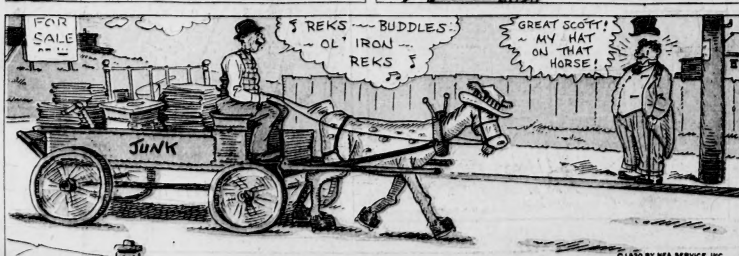
WOOF ROO-OOFF RAFF WAFF



THAT HAT WAS A WORK OF ART!... YES, EGAD!... THE FINEST SPECIMEN OF WEAVING THAT EVER WAS DONE IN PANAMA!... THE NATIVE HAT MAKER WHO MADE IT, SPENT FIVE YEARS WEAVING JUST TWO OF THEM!... THE OTHER ONE WAS PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD!



WHAT'S THIS I SEE COMING?... EE-GAD... DO MY EYES BETRAY ME?



FOR SALE

REKS... BUDDLES... OL' IRON... REKS

GREAT SCOTT!... MY HAT ON THAT HORSE!



BAH!... IF IT HAD TO BE WORN BY A HORSE, IT SHOULD ADORN THE HEAD OF THE KENTUCKY DERBY, OR EPSOM-DOWALS WINNER!

GENE AHERN

7-13

Full Page of British News

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Like a letter from home is the summary of Old Country Activities in the

In the Edmonton Bulletin every Saturday, full reports of all noted events.